

Hiding in the Light

by Kanzeyori

Category: Slayers

Genre: Romance

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-06-23 09:00:00

Updated: 2000-06-23 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 21:01:30

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,372

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: [Shonen-ai] "But before the actors continued on their preordained scripts, for a single fleeting moment the tips of their fingers met, gentle pressure giving quiet reassurance of yesternight's reality across the barriers of cured leather and tight-woven s

Hiding in the Light

Hiding in the Light (yaoi)

>
~*~

>
We all hide in the light. Some just more than others. Some just better than others.

>
And it sometimes takes darkness to illuminate anything at all...

>
~

>
We stopped at an inn as the sun was setting, Lina demanding to be fed. Adorable girl, vibrant and shining. Does she even understand the power she wields?

>
But then, do any of us?

>
I stay silent, it would not do to break this mask that I have so carefully set up. But then, we all wear masks. And mine very rarely breaks, and then only out of neccessity. A carefully maintained fabrication of innocence, to sporadically burst out with information. I doubt that they even realise that it's just a mask yet, and I would wish it stay that way until something truly important comes along. Because trust is very, very valuable, and I wouldn't wish to shatter this trust.

>
Not yet.

>
~

>
Dinner commenced and ended with the usual lack of either formality or neatness. And I would not have it any other way.

>
I leaned back into my chair, contemplating the ceiling for a moment trying to decide whether to go up to bed or remain down here until the others leave. As usual, the decision is to remain down here; things are regularly more interesting around him and Lina than

anywhere else; and sleep can wait.

>
I lowered my gaze, and, to my surprise, stared into his eyes. Like gemstones, amazing color, sparkling from unfathomable depths. Some deep pain behind a nonchalant façade. Almost always in control. Almost; how does that girl provoke you like that? To drop your mask like that? Or are you letting us see behind your mask? Or are you letting just me see behind your mask?

>
No, it's just a false hope; a false and stupid hope. Because how could I possibly expect him to...for me to expect that...

>
But...that would mean that he has already seen behind my mask...

>
I looked at him.

>
DO you see behind my mask? Or am I presuming too much?

>
Such beautiful eyes, yet they hardly ever show their true nature, those jewels framed by a face that I long to smooth my fingers over to convince myself that its perfection is real.

>
Perhaps...

>
I suddenly wiped away my mask, looking back at him finally with myself shining through, and then just as suddenly slammed the walls back up. He seemed surprised for a moment...and, something else...

>
I'll just wait and see, I have the patience, travel long enough with Lina and you'll have the patience for anything.

>
~

>
Gemstones, forbidden treasures that I can never take. Of course, I could look at him and drink in his beauty, but that true treasure is always hidden away behind barriers so impermeable that even I sometimes seethe with envy at his flawless mask. Jewels hidden behind a mist of...

>
Oh, wait...

>
Well, well, so he lowered his barriers. For only a moment, to be true, but he lowered them. And for once I did not need to steal a glance of you as you truly are. What ever made you decide on such a façade when you joined up with Lina? Ahh, Lina, such a fiery little spirit, ne? Only don't tell that to her face.

>
You brushed your hair away from your face again, but then, what's the use? It always end up back in that same place anyway, although if it really bothers you I wouldn't mind doing it for you. Would you mind if I do? Uncover your eyes I mean? You hide so often behind that veil of hair, lurking in its shadow yet hiding in the light of its reflection from the light of truth. But then, who am I to talk?? My fingers itch to smooth away your hair; but then, yet again, will you let me?

>
To let me let the truth shine from your eyes?

>
To let that hidden truth shine from your eyes, and somehow admit to the thing that I could only wish is true? Or will only removing that haze from your eyes damage you? Make you retreat further into the shadows? Is the darkness of truth really necessary to beat back the false-light? Strange how that which is considered virtues can also be faults, when seen from a different angle.

>
Will you let me pull you out? Your secrets out? Will you let me find your eyes from behind that haze?

>
~

>
Lina yawned and decided to go upstairs. A precious treasure, precious weapon, precious person. Which is why I'm here, and why he's here.

>
Because she must be protected.

>
For the good of the world, she must be protected, surrounded by friends and allies and enemies, constantly kept on her toes. Because the world would be lost several times over should she die.

>
And I cannot allow the world to go down with him in it.

>
Speaking of whom...is he going to stay?

>
Yes he is.

>
Then I'll stay too.

>
~

>
He has amazing hair, framing a perfect set of sapphires. Gazing at me.

>
I think I'll stay here for awhile.

>
Such lovely eyes. Perfect for the part he's playing. Hazed eyes with glorious strands of hair that capture and reflect the light, metallic...

>
~

>
...like gold. He's like gold, chaotic. Changeable and malleable to every situation, gaudy to hide its true worth. To hide his true worth. I admire his mask with the admiration of one who wears one himself. He plays the part of the silly idiot, of the clown, and manages to get away with the most amazing stunts because of it. Because it is expected of him. So it becomes hard to tell when the game truly matters and when it is all just a game. But, like me, the act drops when need be and for a few precious moments those wonderful eyes shine in the light. Moments which are all the more precious for their rarity...

>
~

>
...and it's so rare that I get to see you, truly see you that is. Intelligence shies from your features like some devious hunter hiding from his prey. But what prey? You never have a prey; your humor is blunted and filters like sunlight. How is it that you've never sharpened it into the swordblade of wit? It's refreshing, however, your humor and easy acceptance, despite the cutting truths that tends to smack anyone who's lived long enough. It's such a rarity in this age...

>
~

>
...that a group of mercenaries such as us are traveling together, in semi-peace. Killers, every last one, hiding behind the shield of "any means to an end." Whether the end, is a cure, justice, greed or something else, we are all killers.

>
Do any of the others think so? Or will they insist that bandits don't count? Will they insist that demons and Mazoku don't count?

>
Ah, but I can never ask them, they are too used to my mask and I am not ready to take it off yet. But maybe for him, he knows about masks; and from his reaction, he knows about mine.

>
How long was it that another has seen the person behind the mask? I don't remember anymore; I don't remember the last person who has seen behind it. Only him.

>
Only him.

>
I love the challenge of his enigma; with him you can almost never tell when truth is the truth or half-truth or lies, and even less when false is truth. But then, maybe that's part of why I am drawn to his darkness.

>
~

>
He is able to find such joy in life. That joy is something that had never been part of his mask. Such a very strange and contented joy in simply existing.

>
Angel oh angel, will you teach me this?

>
~

>
He has brought back two wine glasses to the table, sipping the dark red wine from one and silently holding out the other to me.

>
~

>
Decide, angel decide, because *you* I can never possess; you I can never call mine. Slippery like sunlight or mist, you would only come by your own will.

>
Will you come to me, oh angel?

>
~

>
I could only quietly gaze at the offering, swirling around in the sparkling crystal container.

>
Rather out of character, I managed to mutter.

>
"We have been 'rather out of character' the whole evening. Though I doubt the others noticed."

>
"They're not supposed to notice."

>
"No they're not. And neither one of us is going to let them ever notice the flaws in our acts, ne?" He smiled. But then, he always smiled.

>
"But they're not here, are they?" I smiled back. He only held up the proffered crystal goblet, gazing at it, at me; the glimmers in the facets shifting this way and that in the flickering candlelight.

>
"It would be a shame to waste this," he murmured.

>
"Perhaps." I rose and headed towards my room.

>
Closing the door behind me, I looked up and expectedly saw him, framed by the moonlight as he sat on the windowsill, meditatively sipping his wine as he looked out over the sleeping town. Without turning his head, he held out the other glass to me.

>
This time I accepted.

>
It's really too bad; the wine was extraordinarily good. But I was playfully distracted after my first sip by something even more delicious.

>
~

>
Leaning on the windowsill, I watched as the sky lightened with the coming day. Soon, the golden sun will peek into the world again and we will resume our parts. But I welcome it, the performances are entertaining. And all the more entertaining now that this has happened. Yet I know that I'll also welcome when the golden sun disappears from around me, to be replaced by a curtain of his golden hair.

>
~

>
I silently watch as the glow of morning creep across his face, his violet eyes shining with an ethereal light, and not for the first time do I wonder what he is thinking. I can never tell with him; with everyone else, yes, but never him. I softly slipped from between the covers and padded my way over to him barefoot.

>
Wrapping my arms around his lithe torso, I rested my head against his hair, silently asking what's wrong.

>
"The sun is rising." Oh. I understand now, perfectly, and held him tighter.

>
"So the mischievous Villain will have to return?" I stated more than asked. He settled his head beneath my chin.

>
"As will the absentminded Hero." He replied, then twisted around so that we were face to face and slowly ran his fingers down my cheek before quickly pulling away and dressing. Turning to me, he bowed, eyes dancing.

>
"Good morning, dear jellyfish." I smiled.

>
"Good morning, my fruitcake." He smiled too, and held my soul in

his gaze a moment longer before closing his eyes against the first ray of morning light spearing over the horizon.

>
A long pause.

>
"...Since it must be so." He looked at me in a instant of forever.

>
"...Since it must be so." I whispered back.

>
And the room was empty when I slowly dressed.

>
~

>
All in all, it was a pretty normal morning...

>
"GOURRY~Y~Y~Y!!!! THAT LAST PIECE WAS ***MINE***!"

>
"How DO you keep that mace up there, Lizard Lips?"

>
"NAMAGOMI!!!!!!!!!!"

>
"Where's the coffee??"

>
"FILIA-SAN! Stop!!! (The coffee's over here Zelgadiss-san.) Stop Filia-saaaaan!! That's really unjust!"

>
"WAITER!! MORE FOOD!!!"

>
...well, normal for Lina-tachi that is. Zelgadiss rolled his eyes as Xellos was sent flying by Mace-sama. Lina ducked absently, snatching the apple tart from Gourry's plate as the blond was slammed into the far wall by the Mazoku, sent curtesy of Air Filia. Said dragon angrily stomped off without giving a second glance and Zelgadiss returned to contemplating his coffee as the two splats on the wall slid down into a heap on the floor.

>
But before the actors continued on their preordained scripts, for a single fleeting moment the tips of their fingers met, gentle pressure giving quiet reassurance of yesternight's reality across the barriers of cured leather and tight-woven silk.

>
A single touch.

>
A silent promise.

>
A gesture unspoken of and unrepeated until the sun once again settles beyond the horizon's curve; when the fingers are allowed once more to trace the planes and arches of unclothed body and unmasked face, finally freed from the light.

>
~*~

>
(end)

>
Notes:

>
::looks at all of the people in a facefault:: Yes, I kno that the pairing is HIGHLY unconventional but... shrugs ...I wanted a challenge. Can you understand now why I was really really obscure at first? 'Cause I wanted to make a viable match and most people just run for the hills when they first hear "Xel/Gourry." Heck, I did it myself; then wrote it anyways to see if I *could* actually write a serious yaoi fic involving those two. (feedback would be **highly** appreciated)

>
I tried to slip in the information about the identities carefully, so people won't automatically cringe in horror, but I dunno if I succeeded or not. Example: if you get to the third section and immediately go "THAT'S GOURRY!!!", tell me, 'cause i'm going to have to go change something...which reminds me, if you're confused about the beginning, both of them are talking for the first two sections, then it's Gourry POV and it switches with Xel's every other time...

>
oh, and one more note [last one, I promise!! ^^;;]...the parting word "Sayonara" translates into (or originally meant) "Since it must be so." the same way that Farewell or Welcome was originally "Fare thee well" and "Well come" (as in "it is well that you came") or "Well met". But I really didn't want to use "Sayonara" as that word has been somewhat twisted by our use and aquired a sarcastic edge, which was really not what I was trying to achieve...

>
...but anyways...any comments?? ^_^
>

> <p><p>

End
file.